



## Sharing Sentiments



155 10 12

### Chapter 1 by Strawberrychan17

"I don't like your happy endings," she sighed, tossing the manuscript back in my direction.

### Chapter 2 by Brandy



Ghostwriting was always a challenge. I had to try and get into the mind of my subject and tell their story, sure, but I also had to understand the market. If I was going to write a book that would sell, I had to cater at least somewhat to what the public wants.

"Everyone loves a happy ending," I said to her. I picked up the scattered pieces of paper from the manuscript.

She stared into my eyes. I tried to look away but found I couldn't. "The problem with that," she said, "is my story didn't have a very happy ending."

I was frozen, crouched on the ground, my arm outstretched towards a wayward paper.

She said, "I died that day. And for what?"

Ghostwriting is always a challenge. I shivered as she floated through me, but ghostwriting for an actual ghost presented a whole new level of difficulty.

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Chapter 3 by QuixoteEscal

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I couldn't accept failure. With that thought in mind rage seared within me.

"Then how would YOU write it?"

"How it happened," she countred, turning back to face me.

I glared at her, though it felt more as if I glared at the flower painting behind her. "I wrote exactly as described to me."

"No." She jumped in front of me till there was little space between us, not that it mattered much, I still had full view of the soft purple petals captured by the artist of a Hyacinth. "You did not write it as I described. What I said was horrendous and you turned it into a fairytale."

I couldn't argue there. Her story was horrendous. But I wouldn't back down that easily.

"Well, boo-hoo. When you came to me to have your story written down you said the whole world must know. To do that I need to get it published and for that people need to like it and that requires some sacrafices."

"I was the sacrafice, and if you don't tell it as it happened then it will mean nothing." If she still had substance tears would have been falling, but without their release words took over. "So get your damn head out of your arse and use it for once instead of recycleing the same overrated plot lines it seems everyone these days enjoys because they are too dumb and afraid to do anything else!"

Outburst over, she turned again and whirled through the purple painting and out of sight, leaving it and the surrounding wall cold to the touch in summer heat. With nothing else to do I turned to the rest of he room, resuming to pick up the scattered manuscript in scilence.

#### Chapter 4 by Auntie Em



Of course, the part that stings is that I know this overemotional wreck of a ghost is right. I am scared to try something else, because although her story should be told, no one's going to want to hear it.

So, I go through my head exactly what she told me to write. The words of my interview with her were like this:

Ok, Let's start out really s

-Regan

Nice. Why are you dead?

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~My boyfriend beat me to death. With a lamp.

Why may I ask?

~Apparently texting another person of the male sex without his approving my every word counts as cheating.

I'd say that's not entirely justified.

~You think?!

Who was this other guy?

~He was my soulmate. But that obviously doesn't matter anymore.

## Chapter 5 by Bronnie Davila



Ghosts, I thought, were meant to wander through the places they haunted in the dead of night, lamenting the wrongs done to them and terrifying the living with smashing objects and rattling tables, but Regan did not prefer these trite methods of communication. When she decided that contact was necessary, I found her most often in the early afternoons, frowning, golden light filtering through her translucent skin.

It was how I found her the first time: hovering beside the kitchen table, doing her best to talk over me when I began to shriek in disbelief. It was how I found her when she, leafing through a stack of my trash, regarded me with a darkly suspicious gaze.

"Are you a writer?" She'd asked, waving scraps of discarded plot and dialogue under my nose.

"I am." I said, though I confess it was less of an answer and more of a reedy whine.

"I need a writer. You'll have to interview me. It's my unfinished business."

And then she was gone, evaporated into a dusty painting of a bouquet of hyacinths, and despite my panic that ensued, I felt a quirk of curiosity in my gut.

And so, when she returned, this time sprawled upon my bedroom floor, I buried my fear and began to ask her questions. Who she was, why and how she'd died. She sat, looking grim and hungry, and plodded through her life, one moment at a time.

"My soul mate," She said. "He was...no, we. We were saving money. We were going to get out of here. He'd just bought a car - he used to have this old thing that would break down every twenty fucking feet. 1995 Toyota Tercel in white, which is, like, probably the most blah car you can think

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"Sorry. Yeah. Peter and I, we had big dreams. We didn't fit in here, and we knew...we knew from the first moment we met each other that there was something between us. He was Jon's old roommate, came by one night to get something he'd left here. Can you believe that? The most important person in your life just, like, shows up one day, completely out of the blue. When I saw him, I was fucking floored.

"And so we started seeing each other. First just as friends. I think we were playing a little game with each other at first, you know? Like, how long can we deny the obvious, type of thing."

She traced her fingers along the pattern of my threadbare rug, staring dreamily into the corridor as I typed.

"And?"

"And...and we were so happy. Even at the beginning, we were stupidly, deliriously happy. That like 2 minute montage in the second act of a movie where they're like skipping around to the song, or whatever? That was how happy we were. Even before anything happened between us at all, we were in love. We were like fucking children. They were the best weeks of my life."

She paused again and drew a long, shaking sigh - or at least seemed to; as I'm not quite sure whether ghosts can sigh or not. I was seized by the urge to reach out to her, perhaps to hold her hand in a show of comfort, but she pressed on and I went back to the keyboard.

"He first kissed me in a 7-11 parking lot, and it was so crazy how it happened. I was just talking about something so stupid, I don't even remember what, and he just grabbed my arm and kissed me. Just like that, literally! I - I'd never felt anything like it in my life. My skin was on fire. I thought I could do anything. I could do anything, anything ever, if Peter was with me."

I waited a long time for her to continue after that, but when she did, a chill swept the apartment, and I shuddered.

"And then you know. Jon. He wasn't...he didn't know at first. He didn't even suspect, I don't think, but he figured it out in the end. And then you know. The trouble really fucking started."

## Write a draft for chapter 6 of 8

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